

The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910

Vol. XXXIX, No. 32

Tea Party Supplies.

We are headquarters for Tea Party and Picnic Supplies. We carry a large stock of all requirements for the catering business, such as Confectionery, Cigars, Nuts, Fruits, et c.

SODA DRINKS.

We also manufacture a full line of Sodas, such as Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Raspberry, Iron Brew, Hop Tonic, etc.

We have just been appointed Agents for the

Land of Evangeline Pure Apple Cider

The Pure Juice of Choice Nova Scotia Apples.

This Cider is quite non-intoxicating and can be handled by stores, restaurants, etc. It is put up by a special English process which prevents any excessive amount of alcohol, but retains the exquisite flavor of the Annapolis Valley Fruit. No chemicals of any kind are used in the manufacture—it is just a Pure Fruit Juice, and will remain sweet and clear and sparkling indefinitely in any climate.

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In Casks, Pints and Split Bottles. Write us for prices.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

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Eureka Grocery,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

A. E. McEACHEN

The Shoeman,

HAS BOUGHT THE BALANCE OF

Prowse Bros. Stock of Shoes.

Look out for Bargains.

500 PAIRS AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOEMAN,

82 and 84 Queen Street



For New Buildings

We carry the finest line of
Hardware

to be found in any store.

Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.

Also a full line of pumps and piping.

Stanley, Shaw & Peardon.

June 12, 1907.

For Hay and Harvest Time

A Barometer is a serviceable friend. We have good ones you will find very handy. We sell at from \$3.25 up. Printed instructions go with each instrument. Thermometers, Telescopes, Field Glasses, Eye Protectors. Marine Also in stock.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Far-Sightedness

—OR—

Near-Sightedness

Uncorrected by glasses, imposes a severe tax on the eyes, which are needlessly weakened by the strain involved in trying to misuse them. Defects in vision grow, like weeds, without cultivation, and it's dangerous to overlook them.

Whatever may be thought of a tax on income, a tax on the sight will never do, as it is apt to leave taxers out of sight.

Should you need glasses, better have your eyes tested and fitted at once. You will find our prices quite reasonable.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Dominion Coal Company

RESERVE COAL.

As the season for importing Coal in this Province is again near, we beg to advise dealers and consumers of Coal that we are in a position to grant orders for cargoes of Reserve, Screened, Run of mine, Nut and Slack Coal, F. O. B., a loading piers Sydney, Glace, Bay or Louisburg, C. B.

Prices quoted on application, and all orders will receive our careful attention by mail or wire.

Reserve Coal is well known all over this Island, and is most extensively used for domestic and steam purposes.

Schooners are always in demand during the season and chartered at highest current rates of freight. Good despatch guaranteed schooners at loading piers.

Peake Bros. & Co.,

Selling Agents for Prince Edward Island for
Dominion Coal Company.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 21, 1909—4i

Fraser & McQuaid,

Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries

Public, etc.,

Souris, P. E. Island.

A. L. Fraser, M. P. | A. P. McQuaid, B. A.

Nov. 10, 1909—2m.

J. A. Mathieson, K. C., E. A. MacDonald

and
J. D. Stewart.

Mathieson, MacDonald
& Stewart,

Newson's Block, Charlottetown.

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

P. O. Building Georgetown

Last of Famous Council.

Cardinal Gibbons the Sole American Survivor of that of 1869—Was Known as the Boy Bishop.

Expressing the interest which he had followed the disputation in philosophy and theology at the Jesuit House of Studies at Woodstock, Md., awhile ago, Cardinal Gibbons, at the conclusion of the debates, is reported in the Baltimore Sun of the following morning as saying:

"It reminded me of the arguments advanced 40 years ago in the Vatican Council at Rome against the infallibility of the Pope."

This reference to the Vatican Council by the Cardinal recalls the fact that he is the sole American survivor of that council—the last general council of the Church. It is one more distinction to the remarkable career of the Baltimore prelate, which has been unique in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

He has occupied the See of Baltimore—the mother see of the Church in this country—longer than any of his illustrious predecessors; he has ordained more priests than any American Bishop, and he has consecrated more Bishops than any other member of the American hierarchy. The second American to be called to sit among the princes of the Holy Roman Church, he is the first to have participated in the proceedings of a conclave and the election of a Pope.

The death last year of the venerable Bishop of Rochester, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, leaves the Cardinal as the sole American survivor of that famous Vatican Council, the Twentieth General or Ecumenical Council of the Church, which was held in Rome during the latter part of 1869 and the first half of 1870. That was 40 years ago. As it is not the custom to select bishops from the younger clergy of Europe, it can be seen that the Cardinal is not only the sole American survivor, but one of the few survivors of that council in the whole world. Being the sole survivor of that group of American bishops who journeyed to Rome to take part in the proceedings of that council, he is, as a result, the oldest bishop in point of service in this country, having been consecrated to that office August 16, 1868.

In speaking of the council a few years ago, Cardinal Gibbons recalled that among the American hierarchy, which then numbered 95 members, there were besides himself but three bishops still living who had taken part in the council—Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, and Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester. Bishop Fitzgerald, who was the only American who voted against the declaration of the dogma of Papal Infallibility—the great work of the council—and one of the two bishops in the whole Church to declare their opposition to the promulgation of the doctrine when the final vote on the question was taken, died at Hot Springs, February 21, 1907. The venerable Archbishop of Boston, died August 30, of the same year. As has been stated, Bishop McQuaid died last year.

Occupying the unique position that he does, Cardinal Gibbons is a connecting link between a former generation of bishops and those of the present, between the pontificates of Pius IX. and Pius X., that of Leo XIII. intervening. For the Cardinal the Vatican Council was one of the most important periods of his life—a period to which nearly all of his subsequent distinctions may be traced. Occurring in his early manhood—he was then 35 years old—he sowed the seeds from which he has since reaped such an abundant harvest.

THE BOY BISHOP.

The published accounts of that great gathering do not mention the name of James Gibbons as having taken any special part in the proceedings which extended over a period of eight months. Tradition, however, has it that he attracted the attention of many of the fathers of the council, partly because of his youth and partly because of his quiet but observing disposition. The young Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, as he then was, having been consecrated Bishop of Adamantium in partibus, was a topic of comment for many of the fathers of the council, and he was named the "Boy Bishop" because of his youth and still more because of his youthful appearance. He then displayed that singular prudence and taste for diplomacy which has been so conspicuous in his subsequent career, and which won for him the favor of

Cardinal Pecci, one of the Vatican diplomats, who eight years later was destined to succeed to the Apostolic Chair as Leo XIII.

What an opportunity such a gathering as the Vatican Council must have been for the young Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina. There he was thrown into contact with more than 700 bishops from all quarters of the globe. And what an opportunity for culture and intellectual refinement such a gathering afforded.

"On the 29th day of June, 1868," wrote a contemporary, "a few months after Garibaldi had reached the gates of Rome, when resolution had penetrated beyond the walls of the city even to the doors of the Vatican, and the barracks of the Zouaves were blown into the air, the apostolic letter for the assembling of the council was published, the Pope, showing wonderful reliance in his own destiny, having chosen this most grave and dangerous moment for its convocation."

The council opened on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1869. In describing the ceremony of the opening, a writer who boasted that "there is very little related of which the author was not a personal witness, or which he did not receive on authority of equivalent value," says:

"At 9 in the morning of December 8, 1868, the salutes from Monte Aventino and the bells of all of the churches in Rome announced to the world the opening of the Twentieth Ecumenical Council, 15 centuries after the first so recognized by history—that of Nicea; 19 after that of Jerusalem, and three after the last council—that of Trent. At the same hour, all those called to attend the council were assembled in the great hall above the portico of the Vatican Basilica, which on this occasion was arranged as a chapel, though it is usually used for the functions of the Papal Benediction and of the Last Supper."

The Pope, who on ordinary occasions never leaves his own apartments till all is prepared and ready for his reception, was to-day one of the first to enter the hall, as if to show that he desired to place himself on a equality with those present, and remained quietly seated till the long cortege was complete which was to pass before him in solemn procession to the Church of St. Peter. There were 47 cardinals present out of the 55 in Rome; more than 700 bishops out of the 1,000 supposed to form the entire Catholic episcopate; more than 20 mitred abbots, 5 abbots nullius, and about 30 generals of orders; this being the computation given by the official index published in Rome of those who were present and had the right of sitting at the council."

A GATHERING OF MIGHTY MEN.

Such was the gathering in which the young American prelate was called to take a part. What emotions it must have aroused. And what opportunities it opened up for him! Besides the learning and eloquence of the Roman curia he stood in the midst of intellectual giants of that generation—the Primate of Hungary, Mgr. Strosmayer, "universally considered the most splendid orator, the best Latin scholar and the person of highest authority"; the great Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup; the Bishop of Metz, Mgr. Frot; the Bishop of Cologne, Mgr. Hofels, "a prelate profoundly versed in ecclesiastical learning; the Archbishop of Westminster, Mgr. Manning, afterward cardinal, he who but 20 years before was the Anglican Archbishop of Chichester, and whose friends of that time predicted that he would succeed to the archbishopric of Canterbury; the Prince Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Schwarzenberg, who took a leading part in the proceedings, and last, but not least, his illustrious countrymen, once his predecessor in the See of Baltimore, Most Rev. Martin John Spalding, who with Mgr. Manning, was one of the leaders of those in favor of the declaration of the doctrine of Papal infallibility; the other, the vigorous Archbishop of St. Louis, Mgr. Kenrick, who was an acknowledged leader of the opposition.

"It was a marvelous sight," says a writer, "to behold so many dignitaries from all parts of the world assembled at the Pope's invitation, ready to bend before him, and to encounter on the threshold of the Vatican (as a French writer has observed) the Patriarch of Babylon and the Bishop of Chicago, representatives of bygone ages and ages yet to come, met together at a period of highly developed civilization, with intentions and purposes of such vast importance."

Among the other bishops from the United States were the Archbishops of New York, Mgr. McCloskey, who five years later was to become the first American Cardinal; America.

Most Rev. John Baptist Parelli, Archbishop of Cincinnati, widely known throughout the Middle West; Mgr. James Roosevelt Bayley, Bishop of Newark, a member of the family to which ex-President Roosevelt belongs, who afterwards became Archbishop of Baltimore; Mgr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, a well-known theologian; the scholar Thomas A. Becker, Bishop of Wilmington; R. Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, Bishop of Columbus, a relative of General William S. Rosecrans, of Civil War fame; Mgr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond; Mgr. Daggan, Bishop of Chicago; Mgr. Olin, Archbishop of New Orleans; Mgr. Bianchi, Archbishop of Oregon City; Mgr. Alamy, Archbishop of San Francisco; Mgr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Mgr. Williams, Bishop of Boston, and Mgr. Verot, Vicar Apostolic of Florida. We read much in these days about the landing of the Plymouth Fathers and the planting of Christianity on the shores of the New World. And yet Mgr. Verot represented a parish—that of St. Augustine—which was regularly organized on this continent half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. This parish, by far the oldest in the land, has had many vicissitudes in consequence of changes of flags. The first colonists came from Spain in 1565, and the parish was fully organized at that early date, and it has a full set of records of baptisms, marriages, etc., from the year 1594.

The principal work of the council was the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal infallibility. This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church which teaches that when the Pope speaks ex cathedra (that is, when he speaks officially and on matters of faith and morals and to all the faithful in all lands), he is divinely guarded from all error. The doctrine had long been taught, but prior to its promulgation by the Vatican Council was not a binding dogma of the Church. While acknowledging that the doctrine had long been believed, about one hundred bishops formed themselves into an opposition, and worked against a favorable vote on the great question, principally on the ground that its definition was not expedient. The debates were long and vigorous, but the advocates of the doctrine steadily gained strength, and on July 13, 1870, the final vote on the question was taken. Of the 535 bishops present at the session, 533 gave a favorable vote.—Michigan Catholic.

The Chicago Tribune pays the following graceful tribute to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, on the occasion of his seventy-sixth birthday, July 23:

"Venerable and venerated by Americans of all creeds, James (Cardinal) Gibbons to-day rounds out his seventy-sixth year. For nearly a quarter of a century one of the princes of the Roman Catholic Church, the years of his honorable citizenship in the American republic began with maturity. Cardinal Gibbons was born in Baltimore and the soundness and elevation of his patriotism, his distinguished and never failing service in the interest of good government and social progress, his enlightenment and eloquent power as a leader of thought and action, have raised him high among America's sons. Secularism and differences of religious faith have not threatened the respect and confidence in which his fellow countrymen have held him, and to-day every good American joins in paying homage to a character of exalted worth, full of honorable years and happy in the fruition of a long life spent nobly in the service of God and humanity."

Despatches from the Tyrol last week report a sharp earthquake in that district; one person was killed and twenty others injured in the village of Uttenheim. The shock extended into Bavaria. At Munich the walls of buildings were cracked, and the wavelike movement continued for several seconds, terrifying the people who fled from their homes and remained in the streets long after the disturbance had ceased. The municipal council ordered the school buildings closed until they could be examined. Reports from Oberammergau say that the shock was perceptible there, but that little damage was done.—America.

The Mexican government is now in direct control of the important runways of that country. The Mexican International railroad, built by the late C. P. Huntington, and the Mexican Pacific railway, built by the old Mexican Central and inaugurated by President Diaz in December, 1908, have passed into the possession of the National Railways of Mexico. The transfer was merely formal, as these two roads some time ago, through the acquisition of a majority ownership of the stock, became a part of the government's system of railways.—America.

HAD HEART TROUBLE?

LIFE WAS A BURDEN
MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS
CURED HIM.

Mr. Alexander McKay, Port Phillip, N. S. writes:—"Seeing testimonials in the B. B. Almanac of how many poor sufferers had been helped by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I thought mine would not be an exception. I am a man of fifty-four years, and have a family of five children. About two years ago I was a sufferer from heart trouble, and life was a burden to myself as well as others. I could not lie on my left side and sometimes I would nearly choke, and was very nervous and run down. My father, a very old man of eighty-five years, told me that he often heard people recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to be a great cure so thought it would do no harm to give them a trial, but I had very little faith in them. My wife went to the store and got me two boxes, and before I had used the last of the first box I noticed a change, and before the second box was done I was cured and a man to-day."

Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25 six boxes, by mail, to the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Say, do you need a boy?" queried the little fellow as he stepped inside the door of the ice dealer's office.

"Ever been in the ice business?" queried the dealer.

"No sir."

"Know anything about arithmetic?"

"Not much."

"What would twenty pounds of ice amount to a cents a pound?"

"Eighty cents."

"Good boy! Come around in the morning and go to work."

Minard's Liniment Cures

colds, tec.

The Terrier—Won't you come over to my yard, Tommy? We'll have lots of fun playing a new game I learned yesterday.

The Cat (on the fence)—Thanks, awfully, old scout, but I have no faith in new dog and cat games. I never yet played one that didn't finally turn out to be puss-in-the-corner!

A Sensible Merchant.

Mrs. Fred Laine, St. George, Ont., writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

A stout man had recourse to a doctor to see whether something could not be done to reduce his size. "It's a disgrace, doctor!" he cried, "Just look at this bay window of mine! Now, what would you advise?"

"Well," replied the physician, eying his waist line, "all I can suggest is to diet."

"All right, doctor, I'm willing. What color would you suggest?"

Minard's Liniment cures

Neuralgia.

"My wife is foreign born. She always talks broken English when she is angry with me."

"Gives you a dialecture, so to speak."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50c.

A man finds it pretty hard to be up in courage when he is down on his luck.

Sprained Arm.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Burgard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days." Price 25c.

Minard's Liniment cures

Dandruff.

Bad Blood Means Bad Health.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Makes Good Blood and Good Blood Means Good Health.

Mrs. Fred Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, and was pale and thin; everyone thought I was going into Consumption. I tried everything, and different doctors, until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. "I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve."

"I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful remedy."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. See that their signature appears on every bottle.

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

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Current Comment

(London Free Press.)

Paddle your own canoe! will soon cease to be a proverb of the day. It will rather be "aviate your own biplane."

(Calgary Herald.)

British Columbia has lost three million dollars by the forest fires. What an awful amount had gone up if that amount had been spent in conservation.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

The Ottawa Free Press admits the Niobe is "not one of the latest products of British naval engineering." In view of the fact that Canada saved the Niobe from being "scrapped," our contemporary is doing as well as could be expected for the flagship of the Canadian tinpots.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

Premier Laurier admits that he is still a Free Trader at heart, and "hopes" that the next Canadian tariff revision will be downward instead of upward. All of which is in the nature of "interesting, but not news," so long as his government continues to spend the country's revenue as generously as it has been doing.

(Kingston Standard.)

Kansas newspaper man—a true friend of Kansas young ladies—has discovered how his and other young ladies may keep their hands soft and white. Here is his recipe:—"Soak your hands three times a day in dishwater while your mother rests." Now isn't that just like a man? The brute!

(Kingston Standard.)

Up to date Laurier on his western trip has promised public works to the value of \$700,000,000. Which reminds us of the story of the man who offered \$10,000 for the recovery of his lost bear. "But he hasn't got the money," said a friend who knew him. "I know it," said another friend; "but ain't it a good offer?"

(London Free Press.)

Hon. Mr. Pugsley has been to Campbellton. He saw the desolation that followed the fire, the people housed in sheds and lacking the necessities of life. His heart was touched. His impulses of sympathy were stirred. At once he gave orders that the Government building should be restored and a wharf built.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been telling the western people that his trip through their country has been educative. It should have been. It has brought somewhat forcibly to his notice the fact that the parliamentarians, office seekers and newspapers of his party who tell him he is the world's greatest statesman do not think all the thoughts that are current in Canada.

(Springfield Union Rep.)

If there is any country under the sun toward which we can afford to deal liberally in the matter of the tariff it is Canada, where the general conditions and habits of the people are so similar to those that obtain within our own borders. Let us avoid a policy of erecting unnatural

and undesirable barriers between ourselves and the Dominion. If, in encouraging larger commercial relations, some changes in the present tariff shall appear necessary, let those changes be made as speedily and with as little fuss as possible.

(Watford Guide-Advocate.)

If you have a home and are out of debt, don't fret and worry yourself into the grave for the sake of making money. You have only one life to live, and it is brief at best. Take a little pleasure and comfort as you go on day by day, and try to do a little good to others. A morbid, insatiable desire to possess the earth, to grab everything in sight, is at the foundation of more misery than any other thing known. Wealth alone will never keep memory green, a good life and kind actions will.

The Betrayal of the Provinces

The conviction, which is growing stronger every day in the Maritime Provinces, that the Grand Trunk Railway is securing an outlet at Providence, R. I., intends to abandon the eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific ending at Moncton, is apparently shared by the people of Western Canada, judging by the statements of a prominent grain buyer from Manitoba, who was a recent visitor to Washington. His statement, which is contained in a Boston despatch to the Mail and Empire, is all the more significant from the fact that he admits it is immaterial to the people of the west by what route their grain is shipped so long as they get despatch, and a low rate.

Commenting on the proposed agreement between Canada and the United States for the regulation of railways and railway rates, he says the Canadian government is forced into this understanding to appease Eastern Canada which is perturbed by the Grand Trunk Pacific is to go by way of the eastern States to the Atlantic. The line from Winnipeg to Moncton, he points out, was built by the Ottawa government with a view to carrying business to Halifax and St. John. But the road will not be used for this purpose. Grain will be carried over the Lake Superior section down to the Grand Trunk system. It will also go by water from Fort William to Midland. But it will not pass over the eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is costing the government \$200,000,000.

"In view of what the Grand Trunk is doing in the East," he continues, "nobody believes the Grand Trunk Pacific will lease the government portion of the Transcontinental line beyond Cochrane. The remainder of that division from Cochrane to Moncton, 1,030 miles, will be thrown upon the hands of the government and attached to the Intercolonial, the government line in the Maritime Provinces. The Grand Trunk has a perfect right to look into the future, from its own point of view. Everyone knows that the Canadian North-West will soon be the granary of North America, and that it will be necessary to use the Chicago and Grand Trunk and all other available routes which the Grand Trunk controls or can secure to convey wheat to the Atlantic.

"Also it is highly probable that after a time the cost of living in this country will compel Congress to take the duty off Canadian wheat in order to supply American mills and American consumption. The Grand Trunk officials told the Providence people that New England

factory goods would be carried back to the Canadian North-West. No doubt we shall soon have a wide reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada to permit that to be done.

"But the Canadians in the more Imperialistic eastern provinces do not view the situation as we in Western Canada do. It is immaterial to us by what route our grain is shipped so long as we get despatch and a low enough rate. They, however, are up in arms against the diversion of traffic to the United States. The government division from Winnipeg to Moncton will cost Canada \$200,000,000, and they want to know what this huge sum is spent for if business is to be handled chiefly over American roads. I admit that it is rough on them and a severe jolt to their dream of commercial supremacy. But I happen to know that the proprietors of the Grand Trunk in England heartily approve of what is being done. The only thing the Canadian government can do to satisfy the people of Eastern Canada is to arrange with the United States for joint control and regulation of railroad traffic, and even in this we of the West cannot see where he will lose, as low rates are what we want, whether our grain goes east by all-Canadian or by the American routes.

"To allay the apprehension of the people of Eastern Canada as to the loss of their grain traffic the Grand Trunk has been telling them that the Providence route will be for the overflow when Montreal, St. John and Halifax are congested. But it is obvious that the company would not spend many millions of dollars in getting to Providence and establishing an ocean fleet at that port merely for the purpose of sending an odd cargo of grain that way. Unless there were full cargoes for every sailing, the vessels would be operated at a loss, for they will have to face the direct competition of Boston and New York. It is but a subterfuge to placate the disappointed bluecoats.

"Some Canadians predict that the upshot of all this diversion of Canadian business to American ports, this joining of the Canadian wheat fields with the factories of the United States and the heretofore unheard of plan for international regulation of railroads (meaning the practical adoption of the American Interstate Commerce Act of Canada) will bring Canada within measurable distance of political union with the United States."

It is at least satisfactory to have from a disinterested source a confirmation of the feeling which is becoming general throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that the Grand Trunk Pacific will have very little use for the eastern section of the Transcontinental when it is finished. It was a political scheme from first to last and as usual the people of Canada are paying the bills. There is one consolation; time brings its revenges. When the hour arrives for the people of the Maritime Provinces to speak their minds, no subterfuge will be sufficient "to placate the disappointed bluecoats."—St. John Standard.

Laurier The Trimmer

The managers of the Liberal party must be rather non-plussed at the reception Sir Wilfrid Laurier is meeting with in the west. The tour was intended to be a glorification of the man who persistently claims that he and not Providence is responsible for the era of fat years of prosperity which have invaded Canada. The people of the west were to be shown this native of Athabaska and they were expected to fall down and worship at the Laurier shrine. Up to date however there has been a great lack of "falling down." The hard-headed farmers of the west have so far persistently refused to bow before

the Liberal idol and the result has been disappointing. Accustomed to the senseless flattery of political sycophants in the east Sir Wilfrid Laurier misses the sweet insense of flattery. Out west they size a man up as he is not for what he says he is. And if ever there was a man whose record is marred by broken pledges and forgotten promises it is he who is now headed for the Pacific Coast on a barnstorming visit with nothing to give the people but a nicely turned phrase and idle vapourings of a vain pedagogue.

With the native cunning which is one of his chief characteristics the premier has been trimming his sails to suit every passing breeze of sentiment. Out among the English settlements of Prince Albert he was more English than the most patriotic Englishman. Love for the old land rolled from his tongue with suspiciously oily fluency. He even referred to "dear old England." What a hit that speech would make in the province of Quebec. How the habitants would listen with surprise to the statements of the man who holds the reins of power today by the skill with which he plays upon the race prejudices of the people of the province of Quebec. Since 1896 Sir Wilfrid Laurier has held off ice by reason of the steady majority he draws from Quebec and when the time comes once more he will quickly forget those expressions of love and loyalty to England and crawl to his familiar role of stirrer up of the fires of racial prejudice.

Then at Regina where there are a great many settlers who have arrived in Canada recently from the other side of the border Sir Wilfrid changed his tune once more. He played upon their home prejudices and told them they had found in Canada a great democracy than the country of their birth. As a sop to their feelings of home-sickness he even informed them that the King of England has less power than the President of the United States. "We have no distinctions of race or creed here," he said. And with his Quebec record staring him in the face it must have taken quite a lot of mental juggling to enable the premier to convince even himself much less the audience he was addressing.

The west, to use an ordinary every day phrase is "on" to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The day has passed when the premier can jolly the people of Canada at will. His skill is not wanting possibly but the country wants more than mere oratory and broken promises. It wants intelligent statesmanship to guide the ship of state afloat. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will come back from the west undoubtedly impressed with the potentialities of that portion of the Dominion. He should also bring back a realization of the fact that the people cannot be fooled all the time and that the inevitable reaction must come. Too long has the grafter run riot over Canada. Laurierism and graft go hand in hand. The public resources vast as they are being made the happy hunting ground of hordes of Liberal bangers-on and this the west knows to its loss. More statesmanship and less graft should be a winning cry of the Conservative party at the next elections.

Sir Wilfrid has a bad half hour

Judging by the reports of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's meeting at Saskatoon, the Premier seems for one to have been unable to conjure up that sunny smile. It would appear that he even lost his temper. At previous meetings the grain growers, who had been telling him what his government ought to do, had been mild and generous in their remarks. They went so far as to acknowledge that the government had accomplished something, and only in the gentlest manner broke the news to the Premier that they had not forgotten his promises if he had.

But at Saskatoon it was different. One or two of the grain men spoke from the shoulder. As the London Free Press remarks, they landed, rhetorically, upon the Premier's solar plexus. They mixed things with him, forcing him to his corner, where his bottleholders, Graham, Macdonald and Farde, had to use restorative and assist in beating off the strenuous grain men.

Macdonald accused the plain-speaking growers of being "Tories," and when Sir Wilfrid had recovered his speech he declared it was "Tory politics." These replies on the part of the Premier and his henchmen seemed to serve, how-

ever, to prove that the attack had gone home. If the statements made were untrue, there was no occasion to meet them with abuse. If they were true—well, Sir Wilfrid probably had no other reply than the one he offered.

The speech which especially got on the nerves of the Premier was that of Mr. John Evans, president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association. He told the head of the government that his government was the most conservative government on the face of the civilized earth. "You said you would skin the bear of protection, but we would like to know what you have done with the hide," he said.

There was the rub! What had become of the hide? Sir Wilfrid evidently could not produce it. So he accused the speaker of being a Tory, but was not allowed to get away with the statement, Mr. Evans declaring he had voted for Sir Wilfrid in 1896, and that he had been a Liberal all his life in the school of Gladstone and Lloyd-George.—St. John Standard.

As the West Sees Sir Wilfrid

It is altogether probable, says the Winnipeg Telegraph, that if Sir Wilfrid Laurier had it to do over again he wouldn't do it. But since he has undertaken his tour of the Canadian West the trip must be completed at whatever the cost.

Premier Laurier is not discovering the west. But the west is uncovering Sir Wilfrid. At Brandon, at Saskatoon, and at other points the premier is being reminded of broken pledges, oral and written words forgotten, ignored or spurned. Liberal leaders in the farming communities are flatly accusing him of treachery to interests inimical to public welfare. Sir Wilfrid is seeing himself as others see him—and the portrait is not at all flattering to the subject.

Premier Laurier can blame nobody but himself for the humiliation brought upon him. He has broken faith with the west. He has not kept faith with himself. Eastern Canada, especially that portion of Eastern Canada which has been for years under the hypnotic influence of Sir Wilfrid, has learned that the Canadian West has measured him at his true worth.

It is a pity Premier Laurier didn't come west long enough ago. Personal contact with a duped people would possibly have been of advantage to him. He is enough of an opportunist to have sacrificed something of Eastern Canada obsequiously in order to have saved himself from the cumulative wrath of an outraged and defrauded west.—St. John Standard.

Striking

C.S. Nesbitt, of Durand, an employee of the Grand Trunk who sacrificed his expectation of a pension of \$50 per month from the Company, by joining the strikers three weeks before the pension was due is not to be congratulated for his heroism. He has a family, and they would almost have been justified in initiating a judicial inquiry as to his sanity, for he was hardly fit to exercise his own discretion in flinging away an income that would have stood between them and want as long as he lived. The labor organization which enacted such suicidal loyalty from him was not entirely blameless either, for his continued service to the company for so brief an interval could in no way endanger the success of the strike. If any intelligent workman whose union frequently drags him into strikes would keep a debtor and a creditor account of his losses by obeying the union and his profits out of strikes even when they succeed, he would be astonished how the balance would show on the wrong side. In Nesbitt's case, the whole account may be on the wrong side. He is too old for any other employment than switching, and if the strike does not succeed, which is more than likely, he will be permanently out of a job. Foolish Nesbitt—Detroit Free Press.

Drowning Accidents

Young Indian by the name of Simon Joe was drowned last Friday night between the mouth of Mill Creek and Big Cove, Richibucto N. B. Their boat upset, but his companion, another Indian, was saved. The deceased was a married man. His body was recovered.

Sixth Week at Catholic Summer School

Cliff Haven, August 5.—The attendance here has been large, and the weather most ideal this week, and everything points to a fine August crowd, and by reason of the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal an unusual number will enjoy the beautiful September days.

The week proper began on Sunday with the usual religious exercises befitting the day. The Masses were at the customary hours, the last Mass at 10.30 being a High Mass. Rev. E. P. Kelly was celebrant. The Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, S. J., was the preacher at the Mass, and a thoughtful and instructive sermon it was which he delivered. This being the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, he said in part:

"St. Ignatius was a Spanish nobleman and a soldier. During the siege of Pamplona he was hit by a cannon ball and was seriously wounded. This had much to do with his conversion, which in its many details resembled that of St. Paul. During the time of convalescence from the injury, in the solitude of the sick room, desiring to while away the time by reading, he asked to be given some romances and other books. It happened that in the casier there were some books of the lives of the saints, which, in a spirit of inquiry, he began to read and then eagerly devoured. Being inspired by the wonderful example of these heroes and martyrs, and moved by their self-sacrificing spirit, he resolved to change the tenor of his life. Inasmuch as he was a nobleman and the uniform of the soldier were to be exchanged for the garb of poverty. Unbuckling his sword, he laid it at the feet of the Mother of God and swore to be henceforth her knight. Now at the age of 33, with all humility he began to prepare himself for his great mission, and eventually completed his education in the University of Paris. It was here he gathered about him his first companions, among whom was Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of India."

After giving the history of the formation of the Society of Jesus, Father O'Rourke graphically and beautifully described St. Ignatius' death, the subsequent and wonderful growth of his society, and afterwards its suppression by Pope Paul III, and finally its re-instatement by Pius VII. This suppression and re-instatement he spoke of as being typical of the death and resurrection of Christ. In concluding, Father O'Rourke said the basis of missionary work is love. Plain duty could never have had such results. The spirit of love alone is creative of any masterpiece. This was the spirit of St. Ignatius, and this should be the spirit of the Catholics of today—love of the Church and all her work.

The family gathering last Sunday evening was quite the most interesting of the season. Dr. E. Mammack, of New York, presided, and a most capital presiding officer he proved. The programme consisted of speeches by Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, S. J., William Turner, D. D., and Rev. D. J. Hickey. The programme was spiced with musical selections and recitations, the performers being Mrs. George Hamill, of Montreal, and Fr. Jordan, of Plattsburg, soloists, and Miss J. H. Moore, of Kingston.

The excellent course in Education given by the distinguished professor of the Catholic University continues to attract large attention and attendance. Rev. William Turner, D. D., has just concluded his course on "The History of Education." It has been a most valuable contribution to the lecture programme. Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph. D., Professor of Education, will begin his series on "Psychology of Education," August 8. "The Church the bulwark of the Republic" was the subject of the course delivered by the Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, S. J., at the 11 o'clock hour. Father O'Rourke's lectures have been largely attended and most interesting. "Justice and the Social Ideal" and "Irish Wit and Oratory" were the subjects taken by Hon. T. P. Wilkinson, of Albany, in his two excellent lectures on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The course will be under the direction of Mr. Zekwer and managed by Mr. Bernard Sullivan.

The McCall Golf Tournament opened on August 1 with the largest number of entries in the history of golf here. Sixteen men qualified, which insures a splendid tournament. They were G. J. Sullivan, Charles T. Murray, W. J. Zekwer, T. Egar, C. Daly, J. Farrell, J. A. Galvin, E. O'Dougherty, Dr. W. P. Creamer, F. Walsh, B. Walsh, S. Sullivan, W. Mosher, P. Cassidy, Wm. J. McGinnis.

MARRIED

McLEOD—HAMILTON—At Charlotte town, on August 4th, 1910, by Rev. Geo. E. Ross, Matilda McLeod to George Hamilton Douglas, both of Charlottetown.

DIED

BRYENTON—At Baldo, Lot 18, on Friday, July 22nd 1910, John Andrew Bryenton, in his 28th year. SIMPSON—At Baldo, Lot 18, on Friday, July 23rd, 1910, Elizabeth A. Simpson, aged 64 years, widow of the late Wm. J. Simpson. HOWATT—At Cape Traverse, on July 30th, 1910, beloved wife of Donald Howatt, aged 76 years. McFADYEN—At St. Catharines, on August 4th, 1910, Hector McFadyen, aged 100 years and 7 months. DAMERELL—In this city, on August 5th, 1910, Frederick Damerell, aged 66 years. SMALL—In this city, August 5th, 1910, Robert B. Small, aged 88 years.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Advertisement for Stanley Bros. featuring 'Trunks' and 'Suit Cases'. It lists various items like Flat Top Japanned and Marbelized, Sheet Iron, Birch Slats, Heavy Brass Yale Lock, 3-ply Leather Handles, etc. with prices. Includes an illustration of a man carrying a trunk.

Advertisement for B.I.S. PICNIC at Bunbury Station, Lot 48, Monday, Aug. 15th, 1910. Includes details about the picnic, refreshments, and ticket information.

Advertisement for FIRE INSURANCE, Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B. Includes details about coverage and agents.

Advertisement for Lime, C. Lyons & Co. Includes details about the quality of lime and contact information.

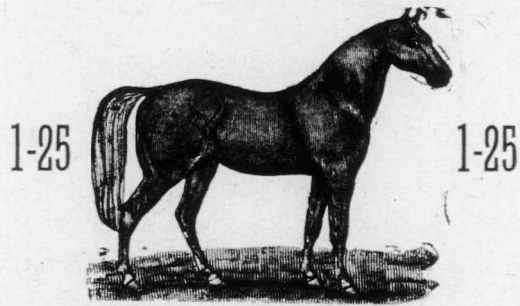
Advertisement for Montague Dental Parlors, 'WANTED!' and 'We will buy some good bright Timothy Hay.' Includes details about dental services and hay purchase.

The House of Quality

Quality Keeps Even Pace With Style in Our Store.

"WHOA!"

Stop and consider—your horse Sir may be a good looker and a prompt driver, but what about your wrap; are they in the same class as your "High Actor" Buggy or Wagon? We are not in the horse business, but we have pleased many a horse owner with a Scotch Tartan Buggy Wrap. This Spring when Mr. Paton was in the Old Land he bought one hundred carriage wraps that will give you comfort on



chilly evenings—wraps that don't look warm on hot days, wraps for general purpose and suitable for all seasons, priced from \$2.75, \$3.25, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

They are well worth 1/4 more. The sizes are 54 x 72 and 60 x 72 in., fringed both ends. We have also a full line of linen apron wraps from 75c. to \$1.25, also silkette wraps soft and comfortable at \$1.25 each. See Western Window.

PATON'S.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY.

LOCAL & OTHER ITEMS

The Editor of the HERALD is absent this week.

This is election day in the Cardigan district.

Two sons of Pries Cyr were drowned in the Presque Isle River, Maine, while bathing.

Six men were killed and four injured by an explosion on the torpedo boat lying in the harbor of Kronstadt, Russia.

A landslide on the Erie Railway, five miles west of Middleton, N. Y., caused the wreck of the eastbound fast train and the loss of three lives.

Applications have been received at the Union Commercial College during the week from students in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. This certainly speaks well for the work by this institution.

The Bank of Vancouver, the first Canadian bank with headquarters west of Winnipeg has opened in that city with a branch at Westminster Junction and east Collingwood. The capital is \$2,000,000.

An attempt to save the lives of two girl companions from drowning a few days ago, cost the life of Nora Dunlop, of Boston, who was camping out with several other girls on Annisquam River in West Gloucester, Mass.

General Sir Baden Powell has consented to open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto this year. General Baden Powell, on the opening day, will inspect 5,000 boy scouts in front of the grand stand.

For the first time in history, a strike of airmen is threatened. The trouble is beginning at Berlin, in consequence of an ordinance prescribing conditions under which aeroplaning may be conducted in Berlin and province of Brandenburg.

Handcuffed to the Sheriff, Louis Gauthier, a prisoner at Auburn jail, Maine, charged with manslaughter, was taken to his dying wife's bedside at St. Mary's Hospital. The woman recognized her husband but was too weak to talk. Gauthier was taken back to jail and his wife died.

Two American fishermen, James Porter and Homer Coterean, arrived at Lunenburg the other day from Forchu, where they had landed after drifting around the Atlantic in an open dory without food or water from Tuesday morning to Friday morning of last week.

There is a stampede from Hudson Bay Junction to the new gold field thirty miles north of that place. A bull breed came to the village of Prince Albert with his pockets bulging with nuggets and every male inhabitant including the station agent and postmaster has hit the trail for the north.

An exploring party just back to Edmonton from the Peace River estimates there are twenty-eight cubic miles of asphalt in the vicinity of Fort McMurray waiting to be taken up. It is found in great amounts along Athabasca. Sates is also plentiful while the prospects of oil are excellent.

Two children are dead, two others critically injured and several more terribly burned in Philadelphia as the result of the upsetting of a load of carboys on which they were riding. The driver of the truck and eight other men who helped to rescue the children from the fiery fluid are suffering from severe burns.

A horse attached to a team belonging to Beer & Weeks and in charge of a boy ran away Monday, starting from Upper Great George Street and proceeding direct to the west of the firm. The wagon struck the side of the building with terrific force smashing the shaft and wheel. The boy had a very narrow escape from being seriously injured.

The wireless prevented a possible great ocean tragedy on the Pacific Coast, saving the passengers of the steamer Princess May, which went down in the Lynn Canal. She ran on a reef at Sentinel Island in a fog and pierced her hull. The coolness of her officers together with the help hastily summoned by wireless prevented any loss of life.

Immigration from and to Canada is the subject of a statement issued by the United States Immigration Bureau. During the twelve months ended March 31st there was 74,912 arrivals of aliens and citizens from Canada for permanent residence in the United States, against 61,517 during the previous twelve months. In the same period there were 103,789 departures of aliens and citizens from the United States into Canada for permanent residence against 69,822 the previous twelve months.

A Detroit, Michigan dispatch says: Believing they have a \$400,000 treasure in their grasp men are guarding night and day what is believed by them to be the wreck of the steamer Atlantic off Long Point in Lake Erie. The Atlantic was sunk in collision in 1852 by the steamer Ogdenburg, and 150 lives were lost. Many were drowned in their berths. The wreck lies in 153 feet of water. In the hold, it is believed, divers found two boxes containing \$400,000 in gold. The wreck of the Atlantic is virtually intact. No skeletons were found in the superficial examination.

During a thunderstorm at Darling's Lake, N. S., the wind carried Harry Churchill's house and went down the chimney, none of the inmates were injured but the house was badly wrecked. Mr. Churchill is insured for \$700. A sawmill with its machinery and contents owned by Irving Churchill was completely destroyed, the mill being burned to the ground. There was no insurance. A barn owned by Arthur Wyman was badly damaged, the ends being torn out. The storm must have centered at Darling's Lake as no damage is reported from other sections of the country.

New Store

MacLellan Bros.,

Bank of Commerce Building

Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

To Be Well Dressed at a Reasonable Cost

Let Us Make Your Suit!

Have you been giving your money away to a poor tailor for clothes that did not satisfy you? or worse still have you, thinking you were saving two or three dollars on your suit, paid your good money for a "Ready-Made"—a suit that stays good only until you wear it, and instead of adding to your appearance, will by its bad fitting qualities make you appear poorly dressed. Have you ever thought that a "Ready-Made" was the most expensive suit you could buy. Do you know that one good Tailor-Made Suit at \$20.00 to \$25.00 will outwear any two Ready-Made at \$15.00, and that the made-to-order suit will hold its shape and its good looks until the cloth is worn out, while a Ready Made will only look good for a short time. Isn't it cheaper for you to invest \$25.00 for a good suit once a year, than to invest \$15.00 for a poor one, twice in that period? You will agree with us in that, wont you? Then our proposition is this: We keep a stock of all the best cloths made—we have Worsteds, we have Tweeds, in all the leading shades; we have Serges and Vecunias in blue and black—in fact we have everything that's made for men's clothes. We have expert cutters, men who have spent years in studying the art of designing men's clothes, and we have a staff of workmen trained in every branch of the trade, men who put into a job work of the highest order.



You can select a suit at any price from \$18.00 to \$30.00. We will make it to your individual measure, we will put the best of trimmings into it, and we give you good style and the best of workmanship. In short, your money is not ours until you are satisfied with the suit in every particular.

Don't you think it will pay you to leave your order with us?

The Swellest Line of Men's Furnishings

In the City is Here--Moderately Priced.

In our new store, we have opened up a first class Gent's Furnishings Department, where you will find the newest ideas in up-to-date goods for men. This department being a side line with us we can afford to handle the finest lines at a moderate profit. You can save money by buying your toggery from us, and we guarantee to show you the very latest things in men's Stylish Furnishings. We will be pleased to have you come in and see the best selected stock of men's goods in the city.

NEW SWELL SHIRTS

A big stock including the lines of the two best Canadian makers. All the swell patterns and colors. Pretty shirts at 75c., \$1.15, \$1.23, \$1.35, \$1.50 up. See them.

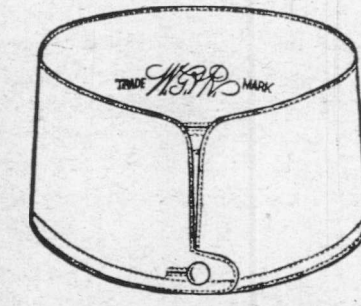


COLLARS

We carry the W. G. & R. Collar, the best collar made in Canada. We can give all the latest shapes. These collars combine style and quality. Price 15c each or 2 for 25c., 20c. each, 3 for 50c.

PRETTY NECKWEAR

We have the newest and best selected stock of Ties in the city. All styles, 25c. to 75c. each.



We also show a nice line of NEW UNDERWEAR NEW SUSPENDERS NEW HOSIERY



MACLELLAN BROS.

"PERIQUE"

Dark Cut Tobacco in tins and packages. This is one of the COOLEST SMOKES

On the market. Try a 10 cent package. You'll enjoy it. All up-to-date grocers and druggists sell it.

HIGKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co., Ltd. Ch'town, Phone 345. Manufacturers.

An attempt to save the lives of two of her girl companions from drowning at Gloucester cost the life of fifteen-year old Nora Dunlop of Boston. The boat upset and Nora plunged in to the rescue but was overpowered by the struggles of the other children who were saved by men nearby.

Gloom has been cast over the Canadian Henley meet by the drowning in Lake Ontario Saturday of Merton Kent, one of the mainstays of the Argonaut Rowing Club. Kent was not scheduled for any race in the meet but left Toronto that morning to help Allan Boynton to take the club's launch Argonaut across the lake. Kent was thrown into the water. His companion threw him a life buoy but it fell short. He came up once after falling in the water and then disappeared.

Grand Art Gallery at St. John Fair.

Vigorous Committee Co-operating with Art Clubs All Over.

On a few isolated occasions the people of St. John and New Brunswick generally have been favored with quite extensive displays of art works, and numerous valuable canvasses have been brought to these parts. During the ten days of Dominion Exhibition—September 5th to 15th—the St. John Art Club, supported by the Exhibition Executive, will hold an Art Loan Show of unusual excellence. This gallery, to be situated in a large portion of the new building adjoining the main structure, and before the final arrangements were made a guarantee of over fifty magnificent paintings was secured from the Art Union of London, as well as assurances from connoisseurs in the large Canadian centres that over one hundred rare works, would be forthcoming in addition. The Maritime Provinces will contribute many more pictures, plastic art works bronzes, rare art fabrics, etc., as well as an exclusive collection of ceramics. A generous money allotment has been made to fit up the art gallery under the direction of an expert gallery superintendent, and those who enjoy graphic and applied art works will be assured of some rare delight at the St. John Fair. Among those who will lend some of their choicest treasures will be Sir William Van Horne, of Montreal.

DOMINION EXHIBITION
ST. JOHN, N.B.
SEPT. 5TH TO 15TH

WATCH FOR THE GRAND OPENING

BIGGEST, BEST, MOST IMPORTANT FAIR EVER HELD IN EASTERN CANADA.

Agricultural & Live Stock entries close Aug. 1

NEW BUILDINGS—NEW ARRANGEMENTS

If Intending Exhibitor or Concessionaire Write For Complete Prize List.

Excursions and low Rates from Everywhere.

For Hay and Harvest Time WE HAVE IN STOCK

A Barometer is a serviceable friend. We have good ones you will find very handy. We sell at from \$3.25 up. Printed instructions go with each instrument. Thermometers, Telescopes, Field Glasses, Eye Protectors. Marine Also in stock.

E. W. TAYLOR,

South Side Queen Square, City.

Fraser & McQuaid,

Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,

Souris, P. E. Island.

J. L. Fraser, M. P. | A. F. McQuaid, B. A. Nov. 10, 1909—2m.

J. A. Mathieson, K. C., E. A. MacDonald

Jas. D. Stewart

Mathieson, MacDonald & Stewart,

Newson's Block, Charlottetown

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

P. O. Building, Georgetown

For the Summer Trade a fine selection of **TEMPERANCE DRINKS!** FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, etc.

If you need anything in Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars or Cigarettes, we can supply you.

DROP IN AND INSPECT. **JAMES KELLY & CO.**

June 28, 1909—3m

Spring & Summer Weather

Spring and Summer weather calls for prompt attention to the

Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We are still at the old stand,

PRINCE STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN

Giving all orders strict attention.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

A L I E.
(London Evening Standard.)

There is no weapon that can balk its thrust,
No steel or proof can cast it harmless by;
No stainless honor or unswerving trust
Can foil the fiendish malice of a lie.

The poison sinks insidious from its sting;
The taint corroder, the black absorber of light;
And contradiction spreads a useless wing
To check the hateful triumph of its flight.

We speak of Time's correction, and of Truth,
Whose great tribunal waits to test and try;
We look for sweet oblivion—yet in sooth
There are few things more deathless than a lie.

A Brave Coward.

'I don't know just how to explain it,' said Margaret West.

The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimace, curved the corners of his mouth.

'I rather think I understand,' he said quietly. 'You are disappointed in me. Isn't that it?'

She was silent for a moment.

'Yes, that is it,' she said at length; and at something in her voice his face hardened.

'Then you want me to enter that road race on Thursday?' he asked.

'Yes, said she simply.

'And because I won't—'

She turned to him quickly.

'It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in the race,' she interrupted him, 'nor that I care a snap whether or not you win it. The point is—the point is—'

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wisteria she had broken from the creeper that covered the porch.

'I want you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient,' she finished.

'I see,' he said. 'You want me to dispense these stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve. Is that it?'

'Yes,' she said again.

He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage.

'The stories they have told you are quite correct,' he said somewhat haughtily.

'Oh,' she said, and in her voice there was something of pain, and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing, and yet was unwilling, even in her preparedness, to hear it.

'They are perfectly right in what they say of me,' he went on calmly. 'I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would tempt me to take up road racing again.'

'Nothing?' she questioned.

'Nothing,' he repeated inexorably. 'I am not in the habit of offering an explanation nor any excuse for my position in the matter; but I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?'

'If you choose to tell me,' she said dully.

'You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course,' said he.

'Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old church, letting the car go for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us, not twenty feet away, it seemed.

'How she got past the ropes that held the crowd back, I can't say; but there she was right in the course, and not the ghost of a show, apparently, of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out from her, but there was so little time. Anyway it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her so close that I shut my eyes.'

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed.

'But the child wasn't hurt, you say?' she asked.

'Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a coward, if you choose to put it that way.'

The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes.

'At length Graham arose.

'I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do,' said he, 'nor for being disappointed. Good-bye!'

He slid from the rail, and went down the steps to the big car standing in the drive. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into the car, when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild-eyed dishevelled gardener.

'Mr. Graham, sir, he panted, 'will you be gettin' the doctor,

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

'I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up.' Mrs. HOON ROBERTS, West Lacombe, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—It soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

quick? Tim Conley's fell from the stagion on the stables where they're paintin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Harry—for God's sake, hurry!'

'I'll have him here in five,' Graham called, and put on all speed.

The car sprang forward like a thing alive, and went tearing down the drive in a great cloud of dust.

Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which tore high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting.

It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the verandah, that she heard the whir of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps, and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horns, came a dull black streak. She could see Graham bending low over the steering wheel, and the doctor, halless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him.

Then out of the cross road just below where she stood, and directly in the path of the incoming cyclone, came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There was a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood, and a terrific grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road; the automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures.

In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident, one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped himself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor.

Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true but perfectly calm.

'How badly are you hurt, doctor?'

'Only a bit,' was the response. 'A few bruises and a scratch or two.'

'Then get up to the Conley place as fast as you can.'

'But you?' the doctor demurred.

'I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back.'

Margaret ran to his side, and kneeling down began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted, and bade him hurry to Tim Conley.

'H'm!' said the doctor at length. 'Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve! By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself nor me, either, I'm convinced,' he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. 'Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West,' he commanded. 'I'll go up to Conley's and fix Tim up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures.'

He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham.

'It was splendid!' she cried, her eyes shining.

'That?' said Graham. 'Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. It was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself.'

Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist struck his cheek.

'Those wicked stories they told about you—she began.

'They're true,' he declared. 'I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into a road race to save my life. This was different, you see. This was something that had to be done. Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy blood-stained forehead.

'Had to be done?' she repeated meaningly. 'Oh, you delicious simpleton!'

The doctor, limping back a few

moment's later, discreetly screened himself behind a tree.

'There are times when it is better to wait before redressing fractures,' he meditated.—The Tablet.

How He Succeeded.

The train whistled out of the station and was getting under way. Suddenly an elderly woman started up with a hurried, bewildered manner, exclaiming: 'Was that Starkey? Starkey's my station! I must get off.' The 'must' was emphatic.

'This is Starkey,' her seat companion answered. 'You're too late, though.'

A tall newsboy was carrying his papers through the car. At sight of the distressed woman, he threw them down in a vacant seat, rushed forward and grabbed the conductor. In an instant the bell rang, and the train came quivering to a standstill.

Some one hurried the woman off, though in her perplexity she tried the wrong door, and had to be sent back to avoid another train on the side track. Everybody had taken an interest, though some laughed as people will when distress seems comical. Everybody breathed freer when the motherly figure walked away, with a parting wave of the hand. The newsboy gathered up the papers and renewed his monotonous call.

Mrs. Pollard trudged back to Starkey station. Over a quarter of a mile she had gone beyond it.

'What did possess me?' she thought. 'The Lord helped me off—the Lord and that boy. I do hope He'll keep me till I can walk on something safer than railroad ties! It took her ten minutes or so to reach the station, and she puffed painfully as she stopped to get her bearings.

'Yes, now I know where I am,' she said. 'That's Melissa's house 'round that corner. I expect she's up and about by this time. Frank wrote she was so much better.'

As she approached her daughter's home, a curious air of stillness struck and chilled her. No, there was no crepe on the front door; she couldn't help waiting to see. Hesitating to ring, she stole round to a side door which opened, as she knew, into the family sitting room. Softly she turned the knob and entered. Frank Henderson, the son-in-law, started from his chair where he was sitting dejectedly.

'Mother!' he said, in a whisper, while something approaching gladness crept into his eyes.

'Melissa? What does it mean?' Mrs. Pollard anxiously questioned.

'Oh, mother,' the strong man almost sobbed. 'She was doing so well—maybe she overdid. Yesterday she had a relapse—I telegraphed you; of course, you'd started first. Last night we doubted if she'd pull through till morning, much less till you could make the long journey. She couldn't speak much, but every time she did she moaned for mother. Doctor said you'd do her more good than medicine.' The poor fellow groaned anew. It had been hard to see his young wife pining for a mother's tenderness.

'I'm so glad you came,' he added, fervently.

Mrs. Pollard was a master hand in sickness, and courage seldom forsook her. Then and there she made her resolve. First lifting her eyes as if beseeching heaven, she placed her hand firmly in Frank's trembling fingers. Her very touch was strength.

'I've pulled Melissa through many a disease before you ever set eyes on her,' she announced cheerily, 'and please God, Him and me'll pull her through now, don't you worry, son Frank, it takes the heart out of you.' She set her lips resolutely to keep back her own tears.

'Just let me put on a white apron; I wouldn't look natural to her without that, and I'll go up.'

'Don't startle her, mother.'

'Startle her?' the tone showed that Mrs. Pollard needed no warning. Very quietly she walked into the sick room, and as quietly motioned the nurse to give up her chair by the bedside.

Mrs. Pollard seated herself and laid her warm palm on the thin hand which rested on the counterpane, softly stroking it. The invalid stopped her moan, and softly lifted her tired eyelids. There was reason and recognition in the glance.

'Mother,' she breathed with a sigh. 'Yes, lovey, I said the tender voice. 'Now, mother's going to give her back this little bit of milk, and then baby's going to sleep. There, there, dear.'

The nurse looked on amazed. Was it magic? This treatment was not down in the books.

'You're wife is going to live, the doctor told Frank Henderson that night. 'And it will be mother love that did it. If Mrs. Pollard hadn't done in the sick of time I wouldn't dare to say she'd be alive this minute.'

Two months later, when Melissa was quite recovered, Mrs. Pollard started for her eastern home. To all entreaties she answered, 'No, my child, I'm getting to be an old woman, and home is home. When you're both well, Almira needs me most. She hasn't any husband, and we've

been together so close since father died, we've sort of grown together. You've got Frank and the boy. The Lord be thanked that I could come now. Next year it'll be your turn to come to me.'

Was Troubled With His Liver For Four Years.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURED HIM

Mr. Harry Graves, Junken, Ala. writes:—'I can not say enough in regard to your wonderful Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. For four years I was troubled with my liver, and at times it would go so bad I could not move around. At last the doctors gave me up saying it was impossible for me to get cured. My father got me four vials of your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, but I told him there was no use trying them and that it was only a waste of money, however I took them and to-day, six months later, I am a well man and weigh twenty-four pounds more than I did. I would advise all Liver sufferers to use them.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

'You seem to have a lot of money.' 'Do I?'

'Yes.'

'That's all right.'

'But I'd like to know one thing.' 'Spell away.'

'Where'd you get it?'

'Say, do you take me for a grafter?'

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED, GENTLEMAN.—In June, '98, I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse, I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using. The effect was magical; in five hours the pain had ceased and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. E. ROY,
Carriage Maker,
St. Antonio, P. Q.

'How did you get through the census ordeal, Miss Backnumber?'

'Oh, very nicely.'

'Did you tell the man how old you were?'

'I certainly did.'

'Did he fall dead with surprise or was he polite about it?'

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

'Mr. Speaker,' said the insurgent congressman.

'For what purpose do you arise?'

asked the speaker.

'If I may judge the future by the past, for the purpose of sitting down again.'

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

'What kind of men do you like the best?'

'What kind?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, just any kind that the other girls happen to be crazy about!'

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.

'How do you like me any way?'

asked the earnest but conservative youth of the beautiful young woman.

'Well, you make love like an artist.'

'That is a compliment. How do they make love?'

'With their eyes and not with their pocketbooks.'

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HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

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We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute with cheap and worthless preparations designed to be imitations of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the wonderful Bowel Complaint cure.

Pharmaceutical concerns are flooding the market with these cheap and worthless preparations, some of which are even labelled 'Extract of Wild Strawberry,' 'Wild Strawberry Compound,' etc., but they dare not use the name 'Dr. Fowler,' in the hope that the public may be deceived and led to purchase them, thinking they are getting the genuine 'Dr. Fowler's.'

Are you willing to risk your health—perhaps even your life, to these no name, no reputation, likely dangerous, so-called Strawberry Extracts?

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has a reputation extending over sixty-five years, therefore when you buy it you are not experimenting with a new and untried remedy.

It cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Spasmodics, Cholera Morbos, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels.

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Direct connection at Bonaventure Union Depot with Grand Trunk trains for the West.

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